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HENRY LAWRENCE

# The Story of SIR HENRY LAWRENCE

The Defender of Lucknow

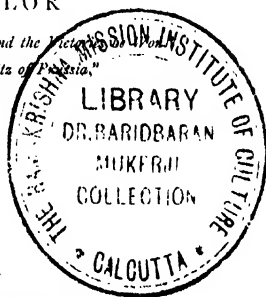
BY

LUCY TAYLOR

*Author of "The Children's Champion, and the Victoria Cross"*

*"Going on Pilgrimage," "Fritz of Prussia,"*

*&c. &c.*



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"Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty"

*Motto on the Statue in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

T. NELSON AND SONS

*London, Edinburgh, and New York*

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1897



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# SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A PATIENT PLODDER.

**C**RASH! There it goes! A great hole in the middle, and a shower of fragments clattering down and ringing on the stones; while the luckless ball rolls away into a corner, as though ashamed of the mischief.

It is a big pane, too, and there will be a "row" about it. Who smashed it? One of those idle young rascals, to be sure, throwing stones from the playground at Foyle College. Hark at the peals of laughter that follow the piece of senseless mischief, as though it were innocent fun! Any fool can break a window and call it a joke, but wanton destruction never gives pleasure either to the intelligent mind or the generous heart.

But just watch the culprit a moment. Pick out that tall, thin, brown-haired Irish boy from the throng of rough, noisy lads, and see what he is doing. He threw the ball; but he is not laughing at the damage done. In vain his silly companions have tried to

persuade him to join them in a "jolly lark," breaking windows. He despised such idle, cowardly folly; but they have slyly induced him to aim at a mark on the wall, and are delighted that he has missed his aim and sent the ball through the glass instead. But they little know the stuff their companion is made of. Straight out from the group of jeering comrades steps the brave lad; straight to the door of the headmaster's room he makes his way, unabashed, unhesitating. He has nothing to conceal, therefore he has nothing to fear, be the punishment what it may. Henry Lawrence fears nothing but a lie. "I have come to say that I have broken a window, sir," are his simple, honest words.

As the Rev. James Knox looked in the clear gray eyes of the manly boy before him, did he guess that the germ of a noble nature lay within; that the pupil who was neither clever, nor brilliant, nor attractive, would live to be one of the greatest men of his day, the ruler of an immense province, the succourer of the oppressed and feeble, the defender unto death of an apparently doomed city? No; the good James Knox was no prophet, and if asked to point out the boys in his school likely to become men of mark, would certainly, in spite of the lad being his own nephew, have passed over unnoticed Henry Montgomery Lawrence.

Henry Lawrence had been sent to his uncle's school at Derry when only seven years old, together with two elder brothers, Alexander and George. But Ireland was neither his home nor his birthplace. His father had been a soldier in India for twenty-five years. Henry was born at Matura, amid the "spicy

breezes" of beautiful Ceylon, on the 28th of January 1806. But baby Henry could not remember the sunny land of his birth, for at two years old his mother brought him and four other little ones home to England. For a while they lived in Guernsey—Letitia, the eldest girl, being left at school at Southampton. Letitia and Henry were always fast friends, and when separated long and loving letters constantly passed between them. Many a lonely hour on foreign shores was brightened to the exiled soldier by his affectionate sister's faithful remembrance.

The seven years spent at school do not seem to have been very profitable ones. Henry learned but little, and when afterwards preparing for service in India, had to work very hard to make up for wasted years. But if no great advance was made at Derry in languages, mathematics, or literature, Henry learned more enduring lessons from a good aunt, Mr. Knox's sister. Dear "Aunt Angel" had seen a great deal of sad trouble, and she had no pleasant home of her own: she lived at Derry, or with her sister, Mrs. Lawrence. But her sorrow did not make her cross or gloomy or discontented; she was always so patient and sweet and kind. Every one loved Aunt Angel; and as Henry watched her helping the sick and poor, and speaking kind words to those in trouble, he learned holy lessons of patience and faith and charity, and went out into the world ready to help and comfort others, rather than to be always looking out for the easiest way of pleasing himself. Poor people in Ireland were then but little cared for, and when sick or old were often nearly starving; so Mr. Knox had a great deal of food given away from the boys' table,

and Henry must often have seen kind Aunt Angel distributing it, patiently listening meanwhile to sad stories of suffering. He never forgot that ministry of love, and years after, in India, when he had learned to follow the example, not only of Aunt Angel, but of Him who came "not to be ministered unto but to minister," he gathered the sick and suffering natives together, and did all he could to comfort and to help them.

When Henry was thirteen he left Ireland, and went to a day-school in Bristol with his younger brother John, then eight years old, the boy who afterwards became Lord Lawrence, the Governor-General of India. Here brave Henry boldly took the part of the oppressed, standing by one of the ushers who was not in favour with the headmaster, and preparing to fight Thomas, a great cowardly bully. The encounter, however, did not come off; for though Henry got up early one morning, and went off with John as his "second" to Brandon Hill, to meet his antagonist, Thomas did not put in an appearance, and got so well laughed at by all the boys in consequence, that it took a bit of the swagger out of him for some time afterwards. And Henry could not only *fight* in defence of others, but render little acts of service, involving effort not altogether of the heroic order. A year after he left Bristol, knowing of some poor lady in want in London, he took the trouble to collect clothing for her during the holidays, and to carry the parcel himself to her house, that it might be safely delivered.

Henry Lawrence had made up his mind to be a soldier, like his father, and as there was a good chance of an appointment under the East India Com-

pany\* when he was fit for it, he was sent to Addiscombe, a military college, to receive his training. Here he found his brother George, who afterwards, with Alexander, received a cavalry appointment in Bengal. Henry, however, aimed at something higher, and by sheer hard work succeeded in passing an examination for the artillery. This success was attained in the face of many difficulties. "I was never taught anything," he wrote, years afterwards, "not even at Addiscombe." At home, books were scarcely to be had; for the old colonel was content to read the same over and over again, and the days of lending libraries had not dawned. Now and then Letitia and her favourite brother would borrow a book from a friend, and poring over it together, teach themselves what others had failed to impart. Had stiff examinations then barred the way, Henry Lawrence would have been shut out from a sphere of splendid service, and India, when in the direst straits in the dark days of the Mutiny, would have lost one of the ablest defenders of that district where the flame of revolt burned the fiercest. Education is precious, almost above all price; but, after all, there are qualities essential to the character of a great commander or ruler that no education can provide, and without which all the book-learning of all the colleges will avail little. Henry Lawrence knew how to rule his spirit, therefore he was fit to rule a province; he could pity a dumb animal or a sick child, the care of

\* India at that time was under the government of the East India Company, the country having been first subdued by mercantile pioneers: a Governor-General at Calcutta held supreme command of affairs. Since 1858 India has been ruled by the British Government, a Viceroy representing the Queen.



a conquered race might therefore be safely trusted in his hands.

But though always generous and gentle to the young or the weak, Henry Lawrence had a hot temper, which sometimes ran away with his better judgment. Meanness and deceit always roused his anger, and sometimes sudden indignation blazed up in rather an unexpected manner. One day he caught a companion reading one of his private letters, and at the very first opportunity flew upon him with clinched fist to "pay him out," as he phrased it. It was not a very dignified action, but the show of fight was plucky enough: the offending cadet being far bigger than himself, his companions refused to allow the unequal contest.

But Henry could show courage of a much higher order—a courage which many a boy bold as a gamecock cannot boast: *he could own himself in the wrong*. To make fun of a boy's queer dress was a temptation not to be resisted, and a blue coat with long tails and brass buttons provoked, therefore, a merriment not altogether polite. The wearer of the gay raiment was naturally annoyed, and resented impertinent remarks with "a shove," followed by a little sparring. Arrival at church, however, cut short the dispute, and Lawrence took his place with bottled-up wrath, ready to let it loose on the road home; the smaller lad looking forward to a "licking" with some uneasiness. But he thought better of his foolish anger. "I was rude," he said frankly; "I did wrong. It was my fault, not yours. Let us be friends." And friends indeed they were, the younger of the two afterwards richly repaying Henry's right-

mindful apology by saving him from drowning while bathing.

During the two years spent at Addiscombe, Henry worked hard, though study was always laborious to him and his advance slower than that of other boys. But what he did was done thoroughly, for he was never satisfied until he knew as far as possible *the reason why*. He was gaining practical knowledge, too, by taking careful military surveys of the surrounding country. Games and athletics he had never taken much share in, partly perhaps because they were too expensive for his small allowance, and the "amusements" without which many cadets found themselves terribly bored had no charm for Henry Lawrence. Dress and dancing and excitement he had no taste for, even as a youth, and in India it was always an annoyance to him to see English ladies dancing in gatherings where native gentlemen and servants were present.

In trying for the best "report" in the last college term, on which a great deal depended, Henry Lawrence won the race; but still neither teachers nor fellow-students discovered any promise of "genius" in the young cadet. The great need of the world, however, is *not* "genius" but honest goodness, devotion to duty, simple-hearted love to God and man; and these were the treasures Henry Lawrence took out to India. Bitter was the parting with his beloved Letitia; but Mr. Huddleston, the kind friend who had given the brothers their appointments, tried to comfort the sorrowing sister with bright hopes of the future—hopes which, happily, were richly fulfilled. "Your brother will distinguish himself," he said. "He will be Sir Henry Lawrence before he dies!"

## CHAPTER II.

## FAIRY HALL.

YOUNG Henry Lawrence sailed from Deal in September 1822, reaching Calcutta about five months later, where he joined the Bengal Artillery at the military station of Dumdum. The long voyages of those days, when it took months to creep over any great expanse of ocean, gave opportunity for forming enduring friendships. Lawrence found a delightful companion in John Edwards, and the two young soldiers chose quarters together in their new home.

At first life passed quietly enough. From the extravagance and gaiety of his comrades Lawrence held entirely aloof, busy with reading and study, and finding recreation in chess. He was very fond of the game, and played it, as he did everything else, with all his might. An antagonist who scored a victory sometimes had the board thrown at his head; but there was quite as much fun as vexation in this rather rough conclusion to the game, skulls and feelings escaping alike unhurt. Then there were Letitia's letters to look forward to, and to read over and over again. Faithful, punctual little scribe, she sent full accounts of all home events, knowing how eagerly they would be welcomed. One most anxiously-expected missive went sadly astray, right off to another Henry Lawrence at Benares—a mistake which, unfortunately, was often repeated. As the two Henrys married wives of the same name, the confusion afterwards became worse confounded.

Edwards's health, unhappily, soon failed under an Indian sun, and he went to Penang for change. The fresh air, however, failed to restore him, for he soon afterwards died. Lawrence meanwhile renewed an old friendship with a young fellow of the name of Lewin. This officer was living with several others at "Fairy Hall," the home of the Rev. George Craufurd, who gathered round him a little circle of young Englishmen disposed for something better than hunting and billiards, wine-parties and theatres. In association with this little Christian band young Lewin obeyed the call of Christ to his service, and first tasted its fulness of joy. "I wish I were like him," wrote Henry Lawrence to Letitia, as he told, with a reverence that showed how his own heart was touched, of the change in his friend. So far Henry had been striving upward, not sinking down; reaching after that which is pure and true and noble, rather than the sinful and the base; but he had never felt the need of an atoning Saviour, nor sought refuge in his love: he was not yet a Christian.

But the time had come when a distinct stand must be taken—for the world, or for Christ. To join the young men at Fairy Hall would suit quiet, studious habits, but it would assuredly bring down upon his head the ridicule of numerous companions. Henry Lawrence, however, was not one to shrink back at a little ridicule. There is no reason to suppose that he then chose Christ as his Master and his King, and entered Fairy Hall that he might openly show his colours; but certainly, by throwing in his lot with the "Methodists," he deliberately "chose his side," and entered on a path that led, in due time, to the

higher and holier choice of that good part which never could be taken from him.

The faithful teaching and bright example of Mr. Craufurd had led Lewin to Christ, and the warm, fresh love of the young disciple for his Master led him to pray earnestly that his friend Henry Lawrence might share in the blessing. His diary shows how anxious he was for the best happiness of his companion, and how gladly he welcomed any signs that Lawrence was turning his steps heavenward. "Lawrence," he writes, "did not go to the theatre this evening, and we trust that God's grace will be poured out upon him." Again: "I have been greatly pleased to see dear Lawrence reading his Bible." Two of God's servants had agreed touching a petition they would ask of their Father, and the promise to such was not withheld. The good minister and the young lieutenant had the joy of seeing their friend a Christian, though it is true Lawrence gave but little proof of the great change by any words that passed his lips. He was naturally reserved about his own feelings, and "locked up the sacred fire in his heart." But if the lips were silent, the life was eloquent. Love and charity to others, rigid discipline of himself, diligence in the duties of his calling, a retiring modesty about his own attainments, an unswerving devotion to truth in thought, word, and deed—all these sweet flowers of grace blossomed forth openly, testifying to the new life within, the life hid with Christ in God.

Lawrence always joined in the Bible-readings at Fairy Hall; "for," said he, "if this is the Book of God. *I have nothing left but to obey it.*" But he had

little to say, and would neither open his lips in prayer nor open his heart in confidence to the kind friend who longed so earnestly to win him for his Master's service, and who, indeed, did not know till many years after what a mighty influence his teaching had had in shaping the course of this young life. Once only did Lawrence's reserve break down. He was driving Mr. Craufurd in his own buggy, when the pony, which he had been warned not to use again, ran away, and pitched them both into a ditch. Lawrence loved his good friend dearly, and was terribly alarmed lest he should be badly hurt. But this anxiety was soon dispelled, for, most fortunately, neither of them was much the worse for the fall; but for a day or two the young officer could not shake off a sense of remorse for having exposed the minister's life to danger by his imprudence, and the warm affection hidden within welled up now unrestrained, and was poured out in words of tender love, and of deep thankfulness for so merciful an escape.

But the quiet days at Fairy Hall were drawing to a close. Rumours of war were in the air, and in June 1824, when Lawrence was just eighteen years of age, disturbances broke out in Burmese territory, and the young soldier crossed the Bay of Bengal, to enter, like Havelock, on his first experience of active service in the kingdom of Burmah. Like that great general, Lawrence was to close his career in Oude, the two heroes of Lucknow finding graves almost side by side.

## CHAPTER III.

## HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN.

LIKE the frog, in the fable, the King of Burmah had been blowing himself out with self-conceit till he began to feel quite a match for his British neighbours. If polite and forbearing messages were returned to his insulting demands, he fancied the English were afraid of him, and grew more bombastic than ever. Indeed the impudence of the "Golden King" knew no bounds, his court calmly deciding that henceforth Bengal should form a part of Burmese instead of British dominions.

But John Bull naturally did not agree to this very novel arrangement of territory. To be insulted by the pompous little court at Ava was one thing, but to be actually invaded was quite another. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to drive off the intruder; so an army was sent out forthwith, and in one of its divisions at Chittagong, under General Morrison, Henry Lawrence entered, as second lieutenant, on his first campaign.

Mr. Craufurd was with his young friend to the very last, even sleeping at his side on deck the night before the vessel sailed, commending him at parting to his heavenly Father's care. At Chittagong, Lawrence met two old friends from Fairy Hall, and by scraps from Lewin's diary we learn that the young lieutenant, though probably at this time a sincere Christian, was very far from a perfect one, a hasty temper not being yet brought into full obedience to the law of Christ.

The spiritual, like the earthly conflict, was only just begun; but both alike were, in due time, to close in victory and peace. Lawrence found a new friend at Chittagong in Lieutenant Fordyce, with whom he shared a tent throughout the Burmese campaign, thus cementing a life-long friendship. •A battle disastrous to British arms had been fought at Ramoo just before Lawrence's arrival at Chittagong, and to this place General Morrison's force advanced in January 1825, through unhealthy jungles and deep glens, over steep hills and rapid rivers. The march was a very trying one, and the heat excessive; but Lawrence stood fatigue and discomfort bravely, and maintained an "astonishing appetite."

By the end of the month he reached Ramoo, and in February was sent on to the Naaf River. Crossing the Ramoo River on the way seems to have been a matter of serious difficulty. The bridge of boats afforded anything but secure foothold to the bullocks employed to drag the heavy guns, and straw had to be laid to prevent their feet slipping through big holes. An encampment was pitched in the evening at a village inhabited by Mughls, the natives of the country, who fared but badly under the rule of the Burmese. The next day's march brought fresh troubles, for there was nothing better than rafts to convey everything, and everybody who could not swim, over the Rayce River. Guns and carriages had to be taken all to pieces, the ammunition unpacked, and then all lugged, bit by bit, on to the rafts and floated over, the greatest care being needed to keep the powder dry. But Lawrence worked with a will, and his men followed his example. "I did not hear a grumble," he writes. Of course



not; he did not grumble himself at *his* share of hard work.

Next followed a march through heavy sand, when the bullocks altogether declined to drag their loads without the help of thirty men to each gun; and, after that, a ravine to scramble through said to swarm with tigers. However, the river Naaf is reached at last; and as he draws near the enemy, Lawrence tells us he begins to feel "very warlike." Mungdoo, for which the British expected to fight, was found to be without any defenders, and was immediately taken possession of. Lawrence was charged with the management of the guns while crossing the Naaf, his superior officer having noticed how active he had been before at the difficult task.

An advance must now be made toward the capital of Arracan, and a perilous march commences—one, indeed, that must have been fatal had the enemy been boldly on the alert; for, concealed in the thick jungle, they could easily have swept down the British troops passing up the narrow creeks. Commodore Hayes, it is true, met with a repulse, but the rest of the force reached the Arracan River without molestation. At the landing-place the Burmese had built a stockade; but on seeing the British advance, these boastful warriors burnt it and ran away. The Mugh people cheerfully welcomed the invaders, not being by any means on good terms with their conquerors. They gave useful information, too, regarding the movements of the Burmese troops.

Passes in the Pandne Hills had now to be forced before it was possible to reach the city of Arracan, and finally defeat the foe. Lawrence was sent with

two guns to protect a bridge, and passed an anxious night, expecting an attack every moment. But no alarm was given, and the passes were secured with but little loss. By the end of March the stockade of Mahattie was taken. A force of some 12,000 Burmese had now to be dislodged. The city of Arracan lies in a valley, and on the surrounding hills, which are studded with temples and pagodas, was gathered this formidable array, while the road leading to the town was commanded by cannon. The first attempt was very far from successful, and for three days the conflict raged, Lawrence taking his part in the struggle with the warmest enthusiasm. At last the Burmese fled, and by eight o'clock on the 1st of April "the whole place was in our possession," and indeed the entire province of Arracan.

Before leaving Arracan, Lawrence thoroughly explored its beautiful hills with a Lascar guide, examining the curious pagodas, and enraptured with the lovely views that rewarded wearisome climbs along steep and winding paths. The city was now deserted by all the natives, and even its new occupants were soon driven forth by a mightier foe than any that yet drew sword on battle-field. Directly the summer rains fell, poisonous vapours rose from the marshy soil, and fever laid low hundreds of British soldiers. The war might have been brought to a close almost at once but for this terrible mortality; but it was impossible now for Morrison's army to exist any longer in the country—in fact, the greater part of it was swept away before the camp could be broken up and the men sent out of the district.

Though nearly half the officers died, Lawrence's

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health seemed proof for a time against the deadly fever; but he fell a victim at last, and was sent back to India for three months. He returned to Burmah, and was again laid low; and though he recovered, he carried to the grave traces of that malady that had been fatal to so many of his countrymen.

Peace was concluded with Burmah in February 1826, and the "Golden King," having had his knuckles well rapped for his impertinence, found that, so far from Bengal being annexed to his dominions, he had lost his former possession of Arracan. He was sullenly content, therefore, to mind his own business, as far as the British were concerned, for some twenty-six years.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ON FURLOUGH.

**S**ICK and weak and tottering, the mere shadow of the vigorous young soldier who had so eagerly set out on his first campaign, Henry Lawrence returned to Calcutta, to be nursed and cherished like a son by his faithful old friend at Fairy Hall. "Nothing," said he, "could exceed the kindness of that good man."

But the climate of Dumdum, though it might be balmy in comparison to the malarial swamps of Arracan, could not restore health to the drooping invalid like the fresh air of the sweet home-country. A farewell, therefore, was bidden for a while to Indian

shores, and Lawrence embarked for England in August 1826. But the vessel's course lay *eastward*, not *westward*. That he might have the full benefit of salt breezes, the young soldier was returning home by way of China, and the voyage was thus spun out for some eight or nine months; though, when mother and son meet again, the traces of sickness and suffering, so far from having passed away, seem stamped for ever on the bronzed face and stooping figure. Though not yet twenty-one, Mrs. Lawrence sees her son so altered that he looks, she says, more than double his age.

When Henry Lawrence joined the dear home-circle his favourite sister was not at home. Letitia was staying with Mrs. Heath, an admiral's widow, at Fahan in Ireland, and often talking to Angel Heath and to the beautiful Honoria Marshall, Mrs. Heath's niece, of her beloved Henry, reading to them his letters, which she hoarded up as a miser his gold. Letitia had been ill, but with the spring was getting stronger. A capital tonic arrived one day in the shape of a letter from Mr. Lawrence, summoning his daughter home to meet her soldier-brother. Henry posted off to Liverpool to meet Letitia, who arrived in company with Angel Heath; and many happy months were spent together by the loving brother and sister, for Henry stayed in England two years and a half.

But, while a time of much enjoyment, the furlough was not allowed to pass as an idle holiday. With the most determined energy, in spite of weak health, the young officer set himself to the study of trigonometry and drawing, gaining knowledge and skill which were of immense service to him in after years.

All this time how true was the young disciple of

Christ to his Master's service. Henry Lawrence had scarcely been in the old home three days before he stood forth boldly for the right with a courage, and yet with a simple modesty, that few young men display before their own parents. Family prayer had never been observed in the Lawrence household. Henry missed it. The lack pained him, and he felt he could not pass it over without at least a gentle reminder. He consulted Letitia. "They would welcome it if *you* proposed it," she said. Henry just then was, of course, the pet and pride of his parents, his sickness securing him the privilege of asking special favours. Mr. Craufurd had given him a volume of Scott's Bible as a parting present, and the book had since been his constant companion. One evening he brought it into the drawing-room—not without a struggle, surely. "Mother," said he, "might we not have a chapter together before we go to bed; and would not the servants, perhaps, like to join us?" Some little objections were soon overruled, and two maids responded to the invitation and attended the little social service, which became ever after a regular and valued institution. Such was the power of one bold step forward on the part of a true-hearted young soldier of Christ.

In September 1829, Henry Lawrence once more set sail for India, his health much improved, but by no means completely restored. But before the white cliffs of England are left behind, a sweet vision has flitted before his eyes. His cousin, Honoria Marshall, had paid a visit to England in the spring of 1828, and again a year later, and Henry was charmed at once with the beautiful yet simple-hearted girl. Is

it possible, he whispers to himself, that he could ever win her for his own? How different his exile would be with a dear wife at his side! He looks and longs, but does not speak. He talks it over with Angel Heath, and she blights all his romantic hopes with her practical common sense. "Nonsense! you are both children," says she. "What, marry on your present pay! How can you think of such a thing?"

And so Henry kept silence, though not wholly in obedience to those wise counsels. He loved his mother devotedly: he knew that at his father's death she would be very scantily provided for, and he resolved that, with the help of his brothers, he would form a "Lawrence Fund," ready for the time of need. The dutiful plan was readily taken up by Alexander, George, and John, and the little store lovingly laid aside,—the good mother spending her last days in ease and comfort.

Henry did not start this time on his voyage alone. His sister Honoria and younger brother John, who had accepted a writership under the East India Company, embarked with him on the *Thalia*. The five months spent on board were diligently employed in the study of mineralogy and native languages, carried on after his arrival in India, when he settled down for a year and a half at Kurnaul with his brother George, who was now married. Tough studies in the queer idioms of Hindustani, under an aggravating "moonshee" or native teacher, daily attention to artillery duties, games at rackets, and practice in the riding-school, filled up every passing hour. Henry was aiming now at gaining a post in the *Horse* Artillery, and the abundant horse-exercise

this involved fitted him especially for the work of exploring which fell to his lot in after-life. To his own beautiful gray Arab he is tender as to a child. "I take so much care of him," he says, "that I suspect he will die!"

While staying at Simla in the Himalayas, Lawrence finds great delight in the fine prospects all around. Peaks of glistening snow shooting heavenward, dark pine forests and rushing streams tumbling over the rocks, make up a scene of great beauty, while here and there a familiar sycamore "seemed as an old familiar friend."

In December we find Lawrence amid "the rattle and gaiety" of Meerut, a military station afterwards famous as the spot where the first smouldering sparks of the great Mutiny of 1857 burst into a lurid flame and rapidly spread to the neighbouring stronghold of Delhi. From here he despatches a letter to the Governor-General, advising the use of horses for the draught of guns rather than bullocks, which were extremely slow. He also writes home describing his plans for visiting the Doab Canal on the way back to Kurnaul. This excursion proved a delightful one, and aroused Lawrence's interest in the irrigation of the country—a system so important to the proper cultivation of the land. The weather, too, was cool and pleasant, even two blankets, a quilt, and a fire proving very acceptable.

The canal was virtually new, though it had originally been cut by one of the kings of Delhi, beginning at the river Jumna above Saharunpore, and, after running a hundred and thirty miles, falling again into the same river at Delhi. His majesty's engineers,

however, in spite of the best intentions, made a sad mess of it, floods of melted snow pouring over the country, sweeping away houses and crops, and pretty nearly swamping Saharunpore. Dismayed at the result of their experiment, the native government shut up the canal, and it was not until English science came to the rescue, and bridges, flood-gates, and sluices were constructed, that the canal was reopened and became a real benefit to the country.

By March, Lawrence was back again at "quiet, humdrum" Kurnaul, and before the end of the year had obtained the coveted transfer to the Horse Artillery—"a gay trooper bumping away in the riding-school." Studies in native tongues were now diligently continued, for an examination was pending in July 1832. Lawrence's troop was posted at the ill-fated Cawnpore, the town of which so dark a page of history was soon to be written, and here the young officer lived in seclusion, bracing himself for his future life-work. Letitia's letters were now indeed as "cold waters to a thirsty soul." The expressions of delight at their arrival read like the raptures of an eager lover. "Tearing it open," he writes, "I threw myself on the sofa, and, forgetting Persian and all else, was for one sweet hour with you.....dearest and most beloved." All his heart is open to this sister. The sermons he hears, the books he reads, the demands of the "moonshee," the amusements which are "a bore"—all are related. Here is a frank confession of a want of enjoyment of music: "Dinner at nine o'clock has few charms for me, and the dessert of music still less. I do not positively object to making a noise on the piano or with the voice; but to stand



and applaud and look delighted *when one's heart is in bed* is a great bore. However, I have saved myself some trouble at the expense of my character, by having given out my total ignorance of and indifference to music!"

The dreaded examination in Ordo, Hindustani, and Persian was passed with great credit; and in December 1832, Lawrence was declared fit for the important duties of an interpreter, receiving an appointment at Cawnpore in January 1833. Quiet, retired life, however, in the midst of that gay city was not to be resumed: George Lawrence succeeded in obtaining for his brother the post of Assistant Revenue Surveyor in the North-west Provinces, and in February Henry Lawrence entered upon his new duties.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

THE post of Revenue Surveyor in India is a very important one; for the prosperity of the country, and especially of the poorer peasantry, depends largely on the way the land-tax is imposed. The native governments had been very unjust and uncertain in their demands; but the English conquerors were at least always regular, their collectors taking neither less nor more than the sum fixed. But in order that this sum might be a fair one, it was necessary that the whole country should be examined and mapped out: for some parts might be dry and barren,

others covered with forests or swamps, while others, again, yielded rich and abundant harvests.

It now became Henry Lawrence's duty to help in a useful and interesting work which occupied him for five years, and for which he had fitted himself so well by diligent study. Drawing, trigonometry, and the knowledge of native languages were now of the greatest importance. Neither the influence of his elder brothers, nor any special personal genius, shaped the career or secured the success of Henry Lawrence. Somewhat slow and dull, and with very slender and imperfect teaching in his early years, the boy had patiently plodded when others were wasting time in idle amusements; had studied, and observed, and read, and thought when his companions were dreaming and "enjoying themselves." When the opportunity offered, therefore, he was ready for it. No "I can't" stood in the way; no idle "I don't know" made him shrink from attempting unfamiliar tasks; but taking up his new duties with heart and soul, he did useful work for his country, and became fitter at the same time for still higher service.

Nobody, perhaps, knew the natives of India better than Henry Lawrence. Travelling constantly among them, living in tents close to their homes, listening to their complaints and their troubles with the sympathetic heart of the Christian as well as the business head of a surveyor, he understood their feelings, their faults, and their virtues, and did his best to relieve their sufferings and their wrongs.

Those who worked with and under the new surveyor soon discovered that he had come to work, not to play, and that he expected other people to do the

same. Lazy folks were indignant; for the amount of their work now looked very small beside that which Lawrence got through, and they were told, moreover, pretty plainly that this kind of thing would not do, and that they must look alive at once or prepare for dismissal. As the chief endeavour of these gentlemen seems to have been to do the smallest possible amount of work for the largest possible pay, Lieutenant Lawrence had some ugly epithets hurled at his head. "Be good, and people will love you"—so preaches foolish parent to foolish child. "People" will, very often, do nothing of the sort, and it is idle to expect it. The greatest Teacher has said, "*Woe* unto you when all men shall speak well of you." 17, 116

Henry Lawrence showed his determined character, not only by his own upright conduct, but by making those under him do their duty. He had difficult servants to manage, but he made them obey, and, once conquered, they often proved capital workers. Here is one. A native rascal has made a mistake, and flatly declines to go back ten miles and set it right. Go, however, he must and shall. Lawrence has him carried back by bearers. Even then he would not do his duty, and came back to camp unsubdued. "Then go up that mango-tree till you can learn to obey orders," was the stern command. He went; he stayed there, guarded by soldiers; he grew hungry, but no one gave him any food; he began to think he had been a fool; finally, he made a humble apology, descended, and buckled to his work, content hereafter to do *as* he was told and *when*.

But Lawrence, zealous as he was in his new work, was not utterly absorbed in land-surveying. That

beautiful Honoria Marshall was not forgotten, and now that the "Lawrence Fund" was complete, there was no reason why he should not think of a home of his own. If Honoria would only have him, what a happy home it might be! So, in 1833, he writes to Letitia of his fond hopes. "I really think," he says, "I shall be mad enough to tell her my story." But he does not tell it, and indeed hope seems to have died away, for "it is absurd," he concludes, to think of Honoria. Absurd or not, however, he goes on thinking, and in due time his heart's desire is granted. On the 8th of January 1837, the good ship *Reliance* anchored in Calcutta. The once rosy cheeks of that charming Irish girl on board are somewhat paler and thinner, for Honoria Marshall has suffered and sorrowed. But she is all the more fit to become a faithful and wise helpmeet for the rugged soldier, and to be the companion of his frequent travels and varied occupations. After all his anxious longings for a sight of his dear Honoria, Henry Lawrence was *not* ready to welcome his bride when she first stepped on Indian shores. He had taken refuge from the heat at Simla, not expecting that Honoria could arrive before October. What a race it was to cover those eleven hundred miles that separated him from his treasure! Through jungle and forest, and over stream and swamp, he hurried, arriving at Calcutta on the 17th of August. On the 21st, Henry Lawrence and Honoria Marshall were married at the mission church by Archdeacon Dealtry.

But Calcutta was not to be the home of the young couple; indeed, the day was distant yet when they would have a settled home of any kind. After some very pleasant weeks on the broad, winding Ganges,

the Lawrences tarry for a while at Goruckpore, a town a few miles to the south of the river, and about midway between Calcutta and the sacred city of Benares. The survey of the surrounding country was finished by the close of the year, and early in 1838 we find our travellers, after a march of two hundred miles, encamped near the important town and fortress of Allahabad, higher up the Ganges to the west of Benares and on the south of the great kingdom of Oude, then governed by a native prince, but afterwards coming under British rule.

The young English wife found it difficult at first to grow accustomed to native habits, and to the attendance of such a numerous train of servants. "Very moderate people," she tells us, "often kept thirty, and when a visitor came for a week she brought *seven*." Honoria sees nothing, however, of tigers or snakes, though she does not exactly relish the presence of huge cockroaches, stinging scorpions, and poisonous centipedes.

By May the heat in Allahabad became very great. "The very sheets," writes Mrs. Lawrence, "feel roasting, and ice is greatly in demand." The duties of surveyor, however, were drawing to a close, and those of a soldier once more impending. Henry Lawrence's troop was ordered on active service in August, and on the 1st of October he set out for Cawnpore. Two events had occurred before he left—one a happy and blessed one, the birth in September of a son named Alexander Hutchinson; the other sad and strange, and, alas! leaving a stain on the life of a good and great man. But as the faults of Eli and of Elijah are faithfully recorded by inspired writers, we ought not, perhaps, to shrink from accepting an *accurate*

portrait of a man of God in later times, even though it may not be a perfect picture.

Henry Lawrence had been engaged in defending the character of General Adams, who he thought had been unjustly condemned. A correspondent, who judged differently, lost his temper over it, and accused Lawrence of falsehood. In those days a barbarous notion prevailed in the British army and among "gentlemen" that "honour" could not be satisfied in a dispute without a fight. The opponents did not double their fists at one another, to be sure (better if they had), but duels were fought with swords or pistols, and very often life was wantonly and wickedly sacrificed. Lawrence, trained in these ideas of "honour" by his stern father, sent a "challenge," in spite of his wife's earnest appeal against it. The duel would no doubt have been fought, had not his brother officers interfered and decided that it was needless—an opinion that satisfied both parties.

While we condemn and abhor the action as displeasing to God, we must remember that *no one* condemned it then, and that to have drawn back from threatening the life of one who had injured him would in those days have branded a soldier a *coward* for life.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BANKS OF THE SUTLEJ.

THE journey to Cawnpore seems to have been very trying, not nearly so pleasant as the trip up the Ganges from Calcutta and the first marches

up country. It was "like a funeral procession," writes Honoria; for the baby was very ill, and had no nurse but its invalid mother, who scarcely thought to live to reach her destination. However, a week's rest at Cawnpore somewhat restored Mrs. Lawrence, a nurse was found for the baby, and the party pushed on northward in palanquins, first to Meerut and then to Delhi. Here Mrs. Lawrence remained for a time, her husband and his brother George joining the troops at Ferozepore, right away on the Sutlej River, a little south of Lahore, the capital of the Punjâb. But, to the great relief of the anxious wife, Henry Lawrence is detained at this station with his troop of artillery, and not sent forward into Afghanistan to open warfare, where it would have been impossible for her to follow him. The *soldier*, however, panting for the excitement of the field, was a little disappointed at the humdrum part assigned him.

The fact was, no army at all was actually needed any longer in Afghanistan. The Persians, after threatening Herat, had withdrawn; and if we had accepted a peaceful alliance with Dost Mohammed, the Ameer of Cabul, terrible disasters might have been averted. The district of the Punjâb inhabited by the Sikhs, a race of Hindus, lies on the borders of Afghanistan, and the Ameer would gladly have joined hands with England, hoping for protection from his fierce enemies. But Lord Auckland, then Governor-General, insisted on Shah Shoojah being enthroned in the place of Dost Mohammed, and in April 1839 this was accomplished.

Meanwhile Henry Lawrence had been appointed to the civil charge of Ferozepore—that is, he became

the chief English authority in the town, and had to perform the most manifold duties, from rebuilding the town walls and despatching ammunition and stores to the army detained at Cabul, down to sorting letters and baptizing babies. The new position brought heavy cares and hard labour, but not more pay. The experience, however, was invaluable, and the knowledge gained of the Sikhs of the last importance in later years. Lawrence would much have preferred an appointment at Cabul, but by the denial of this desire his life was spared for future useful service, instead of being ruthlessly sacrificed in the terrible retreat, in which nearly every Englishman perished.

In April 1839, Mrs. Lawrence is obliged to leave her husband in the burning heat of Ferozepore, and, turning eastward up the Sutlej, seek refuge for a time with her boy in the cool climate and amid the beautiful scenery of Simla. The next summer husband and wife remained together, for they had a much more comfortable house; and at Ferozepore, in November, another sweet baby came to the happy parents. But "Letitia Catherine" did not live a year, dying in the following September, when her brother Alick was very ill and her father away from home,—well-nigh breaking her poor sorrowful mother's heart.

That year of 1841 was a terribly eventful one. In November insurrection broke out in Cabul; the British stores were seized by the turbulent Afghans; Macnaughten, the British envoy, was murdered, and his body cut to pieces, and the English force supporting Shah Shoojah entirely overpowered. In January 1842, the retreat began over deep snows, and with



treacherous enemies lurking on every hand along the track. Out of sixteen thousand men only *one* Englishman, Dr. Brydon, reached Jelalabad in safety; all having perished by frost, famine, or cruel foe, except a handful of prisoners carried off by the Afghans, George Lawrence being among that number. Mrs. Lawrence lost her brother in the retreat. "My letters," she says, "are like the roll of Ezekiel, written within and without with lamentations and mourning and woe."

The Ameer, Shah Shoojah, whom we had taken so much pains to establish, was killed by his own subjects, and thrown into a ditch, and in March the strong fort of Ghuznee was given up to the Afghans. John Nicholson, the hero of Delhi, was one of its defenders. So indignant was he at the tame surrender, that nothing but his imperative duty of obedience as a soldier could induce him to bid his company lay down their arms, and he is said to have given up his sword with bitter tears.

Lord Auckland seemed at a loss how to act in the face of such reverses. Old Runjeet Sing, the Rajah of the Punjâb, who had always been our firm ally, was now dead, and his subjects, the restless Sikhs, were growing insolent and threatening; it would, therefore, be running considerable risk to march our troops through their territory. Something, however, must be done to discover how far they could be pacified and made use of; so, in December, Mrs. Lawrence is left alone at Ferozepore, her husband going westward to Peshawur, close to the Khyber Hills and the borders of Afghanistan. "I feel," he says, "as if I were shooting arrows in every direction,"—for he had

to send sad and hopeless answers to many anxious inquiries for missing ones. Here Henry Lawrence has a narrow escape. An earthquake shook the house violently, and a large piece of ceiling fell on his writing-table—fortunately just after he had left it.

At Peshawur it was Lawrence's duty to find out if the Sikhs could be made of any service in the perilous work of rescue now to be undertaken on behalf of the remnant of the British force pent up in Jelalabad under General Sale; in short, to discover if the Sikhs meant to be our friends or our foes. This brave people had been well drilled during the rule of Runjeet Sing by French officers; and General Avitabile, an Italian, was now quite prepared to supply the necessary guns to the force marching into Afghanistan under General Wild. But the Sikh gunners not only refused to stir, but interfered with the fidelity of our own sepoy, the camel-owners also declining to drive their animals across the border. Lawrence very much doubted if either Sikhs or sepoy would ever be got through the terrible Khyber Pass. An advance was made, to be sure; but the troops were beaten, and even fled beyond their camping-ground toward Peshawur, Lawrence galloping after them and bringing them back to Futtyghur. General Pollock met Lawrence at the Attock on the 1st of February; and after waiting awhile for further reinforcements of sepoy and "white faces," an advance was made on the 31st of March to Jumrood, at the entrance of the Khyber Pass. But it was impossible even then to tell the temper either of sepoy or Sikhs, and we find Lawrence entertaining very grave fears for the success of the expedition. He knew

also that, when it came to the actual forcing of the pass, he would incur great personal risk, and therefore, thoughtful for his loved ones, sends home a new will, and provides guardians for his little son should he be left fatherless.

But even in the midst of the excitement and bustle of camp life, the holy rest of the Sabbath was observed as far as possible, and letters written to little Alick, now generally known as "Tim," and who is already a soldier in heart. "Dear child," writes Lawrence of his boy, "if he is ever anything but a soldier it will be strange.....I would rather see him a good soldier than an indifferent anything else. If the ore be good, it matters little into what form it is wrought."

## CHAPTER VII.

### A PERILOUS EXPEDITION.

EARLY on the morning of the 7th of April, General Pollock advanced to force the entrance of the Khyber Pass. All hope of a free passage was over. Five thousand pounds had been promised, it is true, to the Afreedee clans who inhabited these fastnesses if they would clear the way to Jelalabad and keep it open; but the chiefs had quarrelled among themselves, and moreover Akbar Khan, who had been besieging Sale, determined to block the advance of the relieving army, and now occupied Ali Musjid, a strong fort at the point where two passes meet.

A formidable barricade thrown across the path by the fierce mountaineers was swept away by the dauntless British force, which moved steadily forward, part in the defile, and part on the rugged steeps on either hand. Henry Lawrence was with the men. He had no orders, it is true, to accompany the force to Jelalabad, but he contrived, nevertheless, to get leave for some share in the desperate struggle for the possession of the pass; and though attacked by sudden and severe illness, rose, dressed, and at four o'clock led his column out and did duty all the morning beside the guns, returning afterwards to Jumrood with twenty wounded men. Two days later, good news reaches the anxious wife, now at Subathoo, near Simla. The whole pass was cleared; the worst difficulties were over; the enemy had given up Ali Musjid, and run away. "Our friends" the Sikhs had behaved well; and Sale, watching his opportunity, had dashed out of Jelalabad and seized a number of sheep to supply the needs of the famishing garrison.

But it was not till June that Henry Lawrence entered Jelalabad. After the Khyber Pass was cleared, his duty took him back to Jumrood and thence to Peshawur, where he received the miserable remnants of the Cabul army as they crawled into the city. Pollock's army, meanwhile, was pressing on to Jelalabad, and Lawrence was busy sending forward supplies and keeping open the road between Peshawur and the advancing troops. By the 16th of April, Pollock reached the besieged city, his force welcomed, it is true, with delight by the "illustrious garrison." Still it was not, strictly speaking, a *relief*; for Sale, despairing of help, had by this time scattered his foes,

and accomplished his own deliverance. On the 7th, a mere handful of British troops, 1,800 in all, gallantly poured out of the city, and, led by Havelock, Dennie, and Monteath, fell upon 6,000° Afghans. This daring, almost desperate undertaking, was rewarded by a signal and decisive victory; and when Pollock's troops came in sight, the "merry bands of the besieged met them on the road, and played them into Jelalabad to the tune of 'Oh, but ye've been lang a-coming,' while cheers rang out from both the armies as they saluted each other's colours, tattered with equal victory."

The question now arose: Should an advance be made to Cabul, or should the force under Sale and Pollock at once retire from the country and close the war? In February, Lord Auckland had been succeeded by Lord Ellenborough, and the new Governor-General was very loath to sanction an advance. Unfortunately, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Jaspar Nicolls, shared his scruples. "We should never have gone to Cabul," said he. True; but having gone, entangling ourselves in difficulties and endangering our reputation throughout our Indian empire, to hesitate at the present crisis might bring on a worse disaster than the one that followed our first foolish blunders. But while governor and commander wavered, two bold and wise generals stood firm. Happily they were allowed to follow their own judgment, and to take up a responsibility from which their superiors shrank back with unworthy, or at least unwise, timidity.

But from April to August nothing was done. On the 15th of March, Lord Ellenborough had declared for war; but from this resolve, so welcome to Pollock

and also to Nott at Candahar, the Governor-General drew back at the first tidings of a slight defeat; and scarcely had the advancing force reached Jelalabad, when he issued orders from Benares for both Pollock and Nott to withdraw, making no reference to the rescue of English prisoners. Pollock pleaded for a reversal of the orders; Nott, silently and sorrowfully, prepared to obey them. "Pollock has given us the first tidings of the resolve of Government to abandon Afghanistan. God grant it may not be a disastrous affair.....I cannot but regret it deeply, even though it takes me home." So writes Lawrence in May, true soldier that he was. But happily, on the 4th of July, Ellenborough, though still afraid actually to sanction energetic measures, forwarded a remarkable despatch to Nott at Candahar, repeating instructions for retirement from Afghanistan, but suggesting that the "retirement" might take place *viâ Cabul*. A copy of this curious document was also sent to Pollock. One glance at the map of Afghanistan will show that the Governor-General, by such instructions, sought to shift on to the shoulders of his generals any blame that might be incurred in the event of further disaster. To "retire by Cabul" was clearly an absurdity. But Nott and Pollock gladly seized at once on this loophole by which to escape the disgrace of abandoning English prisoners to the tender mercies of Afghans, and to wipe out the dishonour of defeat. "Meet me at Cabul," cried one general to another across the mountains and plains of that wild country, and soon both armies were marching toward the capital—running a race, in fact; each commander aspiring, naturally enough, to the honour of hoisting the British flag once more on the spot

where British honour had been dragged in the dust, and British citizens foully murdered.

By this time Henry Lawrence was in Jelalabad, making friends with the noble Havelock, and anxious for the release of his brother George at Cabul. The heat was so intense that "all the world had gone to earth," everybody living in *holes*, which, hot as they were, proved much cooler than hill-tents. Hope regarding the safe surrender of the prisoners rose and fell from week to week, and it was long before painful anxieties were set at rest. "I am most anxious as to the prisoners," writes Lawrence in May; "lest, in despair of getting terms for himself, Akbar Khan should commit some atrocity." Soon after a letter arrives from George, Akbar Khan sending to treat with Pollock; for we had Afghan prisoners in India for whom he was anxious to exchange his English captives. But Akbar's demand that the British army should retire at once from Afghanistan was one that Pollock found himself by no means prepared to accede to.

At last George came himself as an ambassador, and the brothers met. But the meeting brought "as much sorrow as gladness," for on the 6th of August the captive returned to Cabul. Henry generously volunteered to return in his brother's place, but this George, very properly, would not permit. "I am glad you did it," wrote the noble-hearted Honoria to her husband. Then, alluding to George's wife, she goes on: "If we could relieve them and take our turn with the heavy load, I am more than willing. God knows how I could endure the trial; but he has never yet forsaken us, and he will not now."

And He did not. Deliverance came at last. On the 20th of August, Pollock marched out of Jelalabad, Lawrence joined him with 500 Sikhs at Gunda-muck, and by the middle of September the Union Jack waved on the Bala Hissar, the fort of Cabul. The prisoners all escaped; the insolent Afghans fled before the victorious English; the fortresses of Ghuznee and Istalif were taken; and Pollock, after occupying Cabul about three weeks, marched out with forty pieces of cannon, blew up the fort of Ali Musjid, and "bowled through the Khyber Pass as if it had been the road between Hammersmith and London."

Early in December husband and wife were re-united at Ferozepore, the captive from Cabul at their side. "It was George," writes Mrs. Lawrence, "who mended this pen. Just fancy us all together here—Henry, George, and me!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FROM FEROZEPORE TO NEPAUL.

THE weary months of struggle, defeat, and disaster, of galling imprisonment, of anxious waiting, and of gallant defence against tremendous odds, were at last over; the time of rejoicing, reviews, and rewards (and, alas! of lamentations in many a lonely heart) had come.

Under Nott and Sale and Pollock, the war-worn troops, having avenged the murder of their comrades, and snatched the battered flag of their country from



the grasp of the fierce Afghan, turned their faces eastward once more, and, recrossing the Punjâb, joined the Army of Reserve at Ferozepore, where a bevy of gorgeous nobles from the Sikh court now offered eager congratulations to the victorious English.

Forty-five thousand soldiers assemble on its wide plain. The Commander-in-Chief, reluctant as he had been to support his generals in their hazardous enterprise, and the new Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, so timid in the day of dire extremity, now appear in all the pomp of military and official dignity to welcome the returning troops, for whose brave exploits they can certainly claim no credit.

But Ferozepore is no longer to be the home of Henry Lawrence. Many changes are in store. The first comes in the form of an appointment to the superintendency of Dehra Doon, a valley to the south of the Himalayas, between the Ganges and the Jumna. But Lawrence had scarcely explored its beautiful forests and its wide fields of tea, cotton, and sugar, when, early in 1843, he was recalled, and sent to Umballah as assistant to the envoy at Lahore. Umballah lies about as far south of the Sutlej as Lahore is north, but a good deal nearer the Himalayas; so Henry Lawrence and his wife could now reach the bracing air of the hills very easily. A new cottage was therefore built at Kussowlee; for soldiering was over for the present, and the artillery officer serving his guns becomes the magistrate busy in "Cutcherry," the Indian police court. In March we find Lawrence at Kythul, a lawless tract of country near Umballah, surveying the district, punishing plunderers, and encouraging cultivation and peaceful occupation.

Appointments at Dehra Doon, Umballah, and Kythul were undertaken in succession in the short space of four months. At the latter post Lawrence remained the longest; but before the year 1843 has closed, we find him travelling westward, for in December he takes up the important duties of Resident at the court of Nepaul.

It had been a sore disappointment not to be included in the list of officers who received the honourable distinction of Companion of the Bath, and the disappointment had been rendered the more galling by a curious mistake of Lord Ellenborough's in addressing a letter "Major Lawrence, C.B.;" but now, at last, faithful services are rewarded by one of the highest offices in India.

On the 5th of November, Henry and Honoria Lawrence started with little "Tim" for their new home. A few days were spent at Kurnaul with John Lawrence, Henry being busy writing a defence of Sir William Macnaughten, the British envoy murdered at Cabul in 1841, whom he had thought unjustly condemned for his conduct during the insurrection. In this paper—and it seems a pity it was not published till long after the Indian Mutiny—the writer points out the defenceless condition of some of the chief military stations of the country. If there should be a revolt, says Lawrence, we should find ourselves in a fix. There would be guns in one place, shot in another; soldiers, but no muskets to put in their hands; stores, but no means of taking them to the place where they are wanted. Magazines full of powder, treasuries full of rupees, would be at the mercy of the enemy, and "twenty-four hours

would swell the hundreds of rebels into thousands." Lawrence then went on to show that Delhi was nearly as turbulent a city as Cabul; that the deposed king occupying its palace was not by any means devoted to British interests; and that if Government should recklessly involve itself in a struggle with rebels during the hot season, the siege of Delhi might prove a most perilous and difficult undertaking.

Alas! fourteen years later, British rulers in India learned by bitter experience what in 1843 they refused to learn by timely advice; and Lawrence himself was passionately hoping for the long-delayed tidings of the fall of the imperial city—tidings that never cheered the heart of the brave defender of Lucknow. "We are in a fair way," he writes in 1843, "of reaping another harvest more terrible than that of Cabul;" and, true enough, that awful harvest-time came, and came in the way, too, that Lawrence had feared. As at Cabul, the native soldiers ceased to trust their English masters; distrust led to disobedience, disobedience to revolt; and in Meerut, one of the very towns mentioned in this remarkable paper, the Mutiny actually began, the rebels being suffered to march unhindered to Delhi.

Mrs. Lawrence parted from her husband at Kurnaul on the 10th of November, and, while he hastened to Nepaul, travelled forward, with anxious heart, to Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow.

It was doubtful whether she would be allowed to follow her husband at all to his new appointment. The kingdom of Nepaul is shut off from India by a strip of almost impassable forest and fen lying to the north of Oude and Bengal. The inhabitants, therefore,

having little intercourse with civilized nations, are almost as jealous of any intruders as the "Celestials," their near neighbours on the north. The fierce Ghoorkas are masters of Nepal; being splendid warriors, they have made desperate efforts to extend their territories, both into China on the one hand and British India on the other, and early in the century we had some difficulty in driving them back within their own boundaries. In 1816, however, they began to understand that the British lion was not to be trifled with, gave up the towns and lands they had unlawfully seized, and admitted an English "Resident" once more to their capital of Khatmandoo.

The Ghoorka kingdom had been founded about the time we laid the foundation of our Indian Empire. The third king, Run Bahadoor, was very anxious for the royal family to be of the very highest caste; for the Ghoorkas are Hindus, and are said to worship more than two thousand gods. His majesty, therefore, stole a beautiful Brahmin girl for his wife; but she fell ill with smallpox—stricken, so said the pious Brahmins, to punish Run Bahadoor for his presumption.

The king was frantic. He paid the doctors, and paid the priests, and gave presents to the gods; and at last sent off to Benares for fresh doctors, who succeeded in saving his beautiful queen. But the disease had left ugly spots all over her majesty's face. To live to be a fright was more than that lady could endure; she drank poison. The king cursed everybody all round, and then, like a spoiled child, took his revenge. First the doctors were flogged, and each lost his nose and his right ear; then the gods got a sound scolding,

and were charged with shameful dishonesty; for had they not received 12,000 goats, 2,000 gallons of milk, and a hundredweight of sweetmeats, without giving anything in return! Ordering up loaded cannon, the furious king had them ranged in front of the ill-behaved deities at the famous temple of Pas Pat Nath, and, in spite of the soldiers' terror, he forced them to continue firing till all the gods and goddesses came tumbling down, their splendid temple toppling about their ears. The priests ran for their lives, some reaching British dominions and the rest losing their heads.

Very soon after, this bloodthirsty tyrant was murdered; and when Henry Lawrence arrived at Khatmandoo in December 1843, his grandson occupied the throne of Nepal.

## CHAPTER IX.

### "MR. NEPAUL."

**R**AJ INDUR BIKRAM SAH, King of Nepal, had given us a good deal of trouble in 1839, when we were busy with the Cabul war.

The bold young king was bent on distinguishing himself. First he murdered his prime minister (an event of common occurrence in Nepal); then he determined on a nice little campaign, with the modest ambition of driving the English out of India; and, by way of making a beginning, grabbed four hundred villages on British territory. The Punjâb, Gwalior,

and Pekin were graciously invited to share the glory of this delightful expedition ; but, strange to say, they did not jump at the opportunity. They knew a little more, therefore they boasted a little less. Most unfortunately, too, for his Nepaulese highness, the English, who were supposed to have sent every soldier over the Sutlej, suddenly appeared with a very threatening force, and "the little bull-frog king disgorged the four hundred villages even faster than he had swallowed them !"

To Mrs. Lawrence's great delight, no difficulty was placed in the way of her joining her husband at Nepaul. It is true that no white-faced woman had ever been seen in this far-distant land ; but when the king found that the new English sahib had not come to interfere with any concerns of his court, he had no objection to the presence of the sahib's wife.

The journey was a pleasant and romantic one. Husband and wife met on the borders of Nepaul, and journeyed eastward together toward the capital, accompanied by two native gentlemen, a guard of soldiers, and about a hundred porters carrying baggage ; for there was no road for wheeled carriages, only a narrow path through the jungle and over the steep mountains. Most of the travellers rode on elephants and ponies, but a "dandee," or hammock, was provided for Mrs. Lawrence. "At first," she says, "I felt rather as if I had been sewn up in a sack to be thrown into the Bosphorus ; but I soon found what an easy conveyance I was in."

The road along which the cavalcade threaded its way was so narrow and winding, so grown over with rank vegetation and gorgeous flowers, and in places

so steep, that progress was not very rapid. It was mid-winter. At any other season no Englishman could pass through this district in safety, so fatal is the climate of the steaming jungle during the hot season; but Mrs. Lawrence tells us they were glad of a glowing fire and warm plaids, meals being often taken in the open air. In the country round about Khatmandoo the trees were bare and the fields fallow, the homely-looking gravel-walks having "a delightful crackling frost on them." Later on, as the cold weather passed away, the season, says Mrs. Lawrence, was "more like a home spring than anything I have seen in my wanderings." The wild ducks disappear with the frost, and are "succeeded by flights of swallows and by the dear cuckoo," while a pretty garden full of flowers, and a green lawn, delighted English eyes.

The duties of English Resident in Khatmandoo were by no means easily fulfilled. Incessant squabbles went forward in the Nepaulese court, all parties trying to win the favour of the Resident; while it was his business to side with none of them, quietly watching the progress of the strife, and taking care that no offence was given to the British Government. He had no authority to interfere with the intrigue, revolution, treachery, and murder which made up the every-day life of this turbulent royal house.

At the time of Lawrence's arrival a desperate quarrel was in progress between "Mr. Nepaul, Mrs. Nepaul, and Master Nepaul"—namely, the king, the second queen, and the heir. Their disputes were not always carried on in the most dignified manner. Here is a story told by the assistant to the Resident who

preceded Lawrence. Mr. and Master Nepaul appeared one morning at the Residency gates, to consult the Resident about the particular squabble they chanced just then to be engaged in. The court was in mourning (this surely must have happened very often), and nobody was allowed, under these melancholy circumstances, to use horse or carriage. Walking seems to have been out of the question, so Mr. and Master Nepaul arrived perched on the shoulders of two old chiefs. Master Nepaul told Mr. Nepaul to order the English to pack up at once and depart. Perhaps Mr. Nepaul thought such an order might possibly not be obeyed; at all events he refused to give it. Master Nepaul thereupon flew into a passion, and angry words were soon followed by blows. Pickback is not a convenient position for fighting, and "after scratching and pulling each other's hair for some time, down they went, chiefs and all, into a very dirty puddle." The old chiefs, terrified, scampered off, and the two mud-bespattered royal gentlemen (let us hope with their tempers cooled) were sent home in disgrace!

When Henry Lawrence arrived at Khatmandoo, Matabur Sing, the prime minister, came out on an elephant to meet him. Matabur Sing was then in high favour, though Mr. Nepaul, with all his fair speeches, was even then plotting his downfall. Court minstrels sang his praises in extravagant odes, in which he was compared to "the elastic lightning," and in which "crows caw blessings" on him. Alas, poor Matabur Sing! A year later the crows, Lawrence tells us, were "feasting upon his scraps;" for in May 1845 the king had him murdered and tossed out of the window in a blanket to be burned.



But Mr. Nepaul found his throne no firmer. Master Nepaul, to be sure, was awed for a time, but Mrs. Nepaul grew more insolent than ever. And all sorts of superstitious fancies harassed the king's rest. First he imagines a portrait of Matabur Sing will work a deadly spell; then that somebody will poison him; then a vulture (that bird of evil omen) perches on the roof of the palace; then the ghost of Matabur Sing takes the unwarrantable liberty of appearing in the royal presence, and has to be laid; and, lastly, some silver chains are discovered in Matabur Sing's house which surely were meant for the king!

But amid all this courtly hubbub the people of Nepaul seemed tolerably peaceful and prosperous, and the new Resident finds more abundant leisure for reading, writing, and sketching than he has enjoyed for a long time. His health is good, and he tells us, by the way, that he seldom now touches alcohol in any form. Sunday is a real day of rest, and husband and wife often enjoy lovely rides together. Another son, too, "a radiant little being," now brightens the home, though he came amid dark clouds; for both Mrs. Lawrence and "Tim" were very seriously ill. "Henry Waldemar" was the first Christian infant born in Nepaul, and his nurse, who was only procured at the cost of a hundred pounds, an unheard-of wonder.

In November 1845, Mrs Lawrence left with her two boys for England, her husband travelling with her as far as Dinapore. About this time he was busy establishing the famous "Lawrence Asylum" for the children of soldiers; five different schools being afterwards built at various hill-stations, supported to a

great extent by Lawrence himself, and at his death undertaken by Government.

Very soon after, the First Sikh War broke out, and the Nepaul Resident was summoned by the new Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, to take the place of George Broadfoot at Lahore. The quiet seclusion of Khatmandoo was suddenly exchanged, therefore, in 1846, for the excitement and bustle of the Punjâb capital.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FIRST SIKH WAR.

IN November 1845, just before Henry Lawrence left Nepaul, he was present at one of those terrible Indian ceremonies, a *suttee*, which, although forbidden by English law, was still occasionally practised. The barbarous heathen custom of the burning of the widow on her husband's corpse was not actually binding on Hindus, but it was admired as an evidence of wifely devotion; since 1756, 70,000 miserable widows had perished, therefore, in the fire. Hindu law forbade any violence to be used or any drugs to be given to the victim, who must be drenched in water before ascending the pile, and must apply the torch herself; but Henry Lawrence does not tell us if these rules were observed in the *suttee* which he witnessed. The unhappy widow was carried on the back of a man to the platform on which lay the body of her husband. After washing her hands in the river and kissing her husband's feet, she climbed

to the top of the pile, distributed rice, ornaments, and some of her clothing to the crowd, and lay down by the side of the corpse, tomtoms beating all the time. Then the fire was lighted, and burned with such fury that in less than a minute living and dead were consumed. Henry Lawrence was, of course, deeply pained by this horrid spectacle; but no one else appeared at all concerned, except to gaze on the leaping flames with a grin of delight. Happily this revolting form of suicide is now no longer permitted anywhere in India.

The invasion of British India by the Sikh army in November 1845 took the English quite by surprise; and indeed the Sikh "Durbar" sent out the expedition chiefly to keep their soldiers out of mischief at home. Our troops were ready to meet them. But the struggle was a desperate one; for the Sikhs are born warriors, and had been trained by European officers. At Moodkee a victory was barely snatched from the foe. During the "night of terrors" at Ferozeshah our Indian Empire was imperilled, and the success at Aliwal in January 1846 was only a revival after a severe reverse. But the Battle of Sobraon (a town on the Sutlej to the north-east of Ferozeshah) left us, on the 10th of February, masters of the field.

At this battle Henry Lawrence was present. The gallant George Broadfoot, Henry Havelock's friend, had fallen, and an urgent message to Lawrence bid him "come quickly." Though as artillery officer we find him working his guns at Sobraon, Lawrence's duties were political rather than military. He was now appointed Agent for Affairs in the Punjâb, taking

up his residence at Lahore, which was occupied by British troops a few days after the victory at Sobraon. It would have been quite possible for the British to have taken possession of the whole of the Punjâb, making it a part of British dominions. Hardinge, however, the new Governor-General, was, like Henry Lawrence, averse to such a measure; annexation, therefore, was not carried out till 1849. But payment must be demanded from the Sikhs for the war; and as they had not enough money, we took over the Jullundur Doab, a district just beyond the Sutlej, and also Cashmere, which we handed over to Golar Sing. The heir to the Punjâb throne, Duleep Sing, was then a child; and though Lal Sing held the post of minister, and the queen or "maharanee" was still living, Henry Lawrence now became actual ruler at Lahore.

And it was not an easy post. The natives were very warlike and excitable, and, when irritated or offended, often broke out into serious rioting. Yet deeds of violence and plunder could not go unpunished under English rule; the Resident, therefore, found it extremely difficult to distribute even-handed justice, and yet, at the same time, to keep the peace. Hindu superstition, moreover, increased the danger. A cow in the eyes of a Brahmin is sacred. To strike or to wound it is sacrilege, and the most fanatical fury would blaze up in a moment at the sight of any violence offered to these holy creatures.

In April 1846, a dangerous disturbance arose in Lahore from this cause. A sentry at one of the gates, fearing that a herd of cows would trample him down, struck at and injured several animals with his

sword. The Brahmins were up in arms directly, inciting the townspeople to take revenge. Henry Lawrence faced the angry crowd, putting his life in danger by doing so; but though promising that the sentry should be punished for his conduct, it was with the greatest difficulty that he forced Lal Sing to give up the chief offenders to justice, and thus put down what threatened to prove an alarming revolt.

Soon after, Lawrence started eastward on a military expedition, crossing the river Beas toward the fort of Kangra, among the mountains, which he was sent to subdue. The sight of English guns was sufficient to secure the surrender of the garrison. A few months later, Lawrence, now lieutenant-colonel, started at the head of a Sikh troop on a more important mission—that of establishing Golab Sing in Cashmere. Lal Sing and the maharanee had been opposing Golab Sing, and preventing their governor in Cashmere from giving up possession; indeed the maharanee was so busy scheming and plotting that the English afterwards found it necessary to remove her from Lahore to Shiekhpoorah, Lal Sing being also deposed from his position as chief minister. The new maharajah, Golab Sing, was established in Cashmere in November 1846, and seems to have been well received by his new subjects.

On his return from Cashmere, Henry Lawrence found himself master of the great district of the Punjâb, the land of the five rivers.\* “I was very fortunate in my assistants,” he writes, “all of whom were my friends, and almost every one was introduced into the Punjâb through me.” Among them we find his brother George; Herbert Edwards, who after-

\* The Sutlej, the Beas, the Ravee, the Chenab, and the Jhelum.

wards wrote Henry Lawrence's life; and the daring John Nicholson, who, ten years later, rendered such splendid service to his country, but, alas! sacrificed his life at the siege of Delhi.

## CHAPTER XI.

### TO RAJPOOTANA.

IN November 1847 we find Henry Lawrence setting out once more for England. The ship in which he embarked carried also his friend the Governor-General; for Lord Hardinge's place was now filled by Lord Dalhousie.

The voyage, as usual, occupied five months, Lawrence landing in England in March 1848. Here the honour of knighthood awaited him, but not, alas! much opportunity for rest and restoration to health. Troubles broke out in the Punjâb, the mischief-making queen, though removed indeed from the capital, contriving to stir up fresh strife. Lawrence felt that he ought to be at his post, and in November 1848 he set sail again for India, with his wife and his second son Henry, leaving "Tim" in England. On his way out he met James Outram. The two great men first looked each other in the face on Egyptian shores, little guessing how history would afterwards link their names, together with that of Henry Havelock and Colin Campbell, as a fourfold cord on which in a great measure depended the salvation of a city.

When Henry Lawrence arrived at Bombay in December, he found another Sikh war in progress.

On his way he visited Moulton, a large town in the south-west of the Punjâb, near the Chenab River, then besieged by the British. A few days after, when the city fell, Lawrence brought the first news of its capture to Lord Dalhousie; and on the 13th he was present on the bloody and hardly-contested field of Chillianwallah, not far from the hill-country of Cashmere. It was not until February, by the victory of Goojerat (a town near Chillianwallah), that the Second Sikh War ended. By that time Lawrence had returned to his post at Lahore.

Sir Charles Napier was now appointed Commander-in-Chief. Unfortunately neither he nor Henry Lawrence worked well with Lord Dalhousie, the new Governor-General, nor indeed with each other. Lawrence still strongly disapproved of the annexation of the Punjâb, and resigned his position as Resident at Lahore in consequence; this resignation, however, he withdrew, consenting to work on a Board now to be intrusted with Punjâb affairs. Henry Lawrence, John Lawrence, and Charles Greville Mansel composed the Board. The brothers, however, did not exactly agree. Henry knew the Sikhs well, and sympathized with them deeply, though it is true he had been bitterly disappointed in the rebellion of 1848. He had always hoped that this brave nation would be allowed to maintain their independence, and was no better satisfied with the idea of annexation after it had been accomplished than when it was first proposed. John and Henry Lawrence, therefore, did not work long together. "Henry thinks," writes John at the time, "that we treat these people harshly; I think we have been very kind to them." Lord Dalhousie

approved rather of John's measures, and naturally thought it best to remove Henry; so, in December 1852, he appointed him to Rajpootana, a native state to the south of the Punjâb.

But before Henry Lawrence left Lahore in January 1853, he had done much fresh service in the position he had occupied for six years. First he gathered together and re-formed the fragments of the Sikh army; and it was these very soldiers who, four years later, brought welcome succour to the besiegers of Delhi. Lawrence also made a most careful tour throughout the country, not troubling himself much about ceremony, but visiting all the towns and talking with the native chiefs. In 1850 he had travelled through Cashmere, taking his wife, though Lady Lawrence did not go so far north as Iskareh in the regions of the Upper Indus. An alarming tale was circulated that Lawrence had been imprisoned at Ladakh, but in September he returned quite safely.

The new Agent for Rajpootana left Lahore with bitter regrets and gloomy forebodings. True, he had not, as he said, found the Board "a bed of roses;" but he felt that the Punjâb was his right place, and had so little interest in his new appointment that he talked of finding a home in New Zealand. "I feel," he said, "that my career in India had better close," little guessing that the noblest part of his career was only then opening. And so we often sigh and grieve when some "misfortune" turns our feet aside from a chosen path, our eyes too dim to see the brighter and better one marked out for us, our faith too feeble to trust implicitly to the Hand that leads us forward.

The town of Ajmere was to be the residence of the



British Agent. Rajpootana is about the size of France, and inhabited by a somewhat restless people, who need to be "conciliated when quiet and hit hard when troublesome." The district of Ajmere lies about in the centre, and is under British rule. The climate is trying, but the necessity for much travelling in order to visit various parts of his territory was welcome enough to Sir Henry, and during the hottest weather he and his wife found a very pleasant home in the south, on Mount Aboo. At the summit of this mountain, 5,000 feet high, the British Agent's house was perched on a granite rock, but enough soil had been carried up to make a few little flower-beds; these "with diligent watering," says Lady Lawrence, "produce roses, geraniums, passion-flowers, Cape heath, petunia, and *one* thriving honeysuckle." Birds abounded, from the soaring kite to the sparkling humming-bird, and the surrounding scenery was lovely. Altogether, though cut off from their old friends in the Punjâb, the husband and wife seem to have been very happy in their mountain-home.

Their boy, however, they were compelled to give up. Henry was now growing too old to bear an Indian climate safely, and had to be sent to England, never seeing his parents again. The little Honoria, born at Lahore in 1850, was now the only child left; and she, alas! was soon to be motherless, for Mrs. Lawrence, after some years of declining health, died at Mount Aboo on the 15th of January 1854, leaving her child to the care of her husband's sister Charlotte, then staying with them.

During his five years of residence in Rajpootana, Henry Lawrence did all he could for the improvement

of the country. Though he found it impossible entirely to prevent the horrible murders of infants, a great deal was done in defence of the unfortunate Indian widows hitherto sacrificed in the flames. Lawrence takes a lively interest, too, in European affairs. Some years earlier we find him writing to Lord Hardinge about the defence of England; for the French Emperor, who imitated his great uncle in most things, was then suspected of a design to invade this country. Happily that peril, whether real or imaginary, passed away. England braced herself for the attack, and no invasion of our shores was attempted; but another danger threatened from quite a different source, and while its dark clouds were already gathering, few marked the smallest sign of the on-coming storm. It is true Sir Henry Lawrence pointed out that the native soldiers in our Indian army had not enough chance of promotion to encourage their loyalty, and also that their fanatic devotion to their heathen faith might lead to rebellion or treason; but he had not the slightest idea how fierce would be the flame of mutiny when once it should burst forth, nor how fast and furiously it would spread throughout the land. If coming events did indeed cast shadows before them, those shadows crept up so stealthily that no one noticed the impending gloom, nor discerned the dark forms of Discontent, Suspicion, and Revenge that rose, like the genii in the "Arabian Nights," from so small a source, and, expanding into resistless giants, stalked forth cruel and relentless, sacrificing many an innocent victim, and spreading desolation, destruction, and death throughout the length and breath of a peaceful country.

## CHAPTER XII.

## LAST DAYS AT LUCKNOW.

IN June 1854, the Agent at Rajpootana had received the title of colonel, though his duties were mainly the pacific ones of a ruler. Three years later, however, the sword is again unsheathed. Henry Lawrence is a soldier once more: as a soldier he gives his last services to his country, and as a soldier he dies.

Lord Dalhousie resigned his post in February 1856, Lord Canning succeeding him as Governor-General. Sir James Outram was at this time Governor in Oude; but his health failed, and Coverley Jackson was chosen to supply his place. The appointment, however, was not a success, and the post was therefore offered to Henry Lawrence. At the time the proposal was made, the Agent at Rajpootana was preparing for a visit to England. He must now soon part from his little girl, and needing rest, he wished to take her home himself.

But work, not rest, lay before the toil-worn servant; toil, the most responsible, the most arduous he had ever known, was to usher in the rest that remaineth for the people of God. A night of deep and awful darkness was closing in, on which should break the morning of everlasting day; suffering, with keen-edged blade, lay waiting like a heavenly messenger to convey the faithful warrior into the presence of his Lord.

In March 1857, Henry Lawrence, leaving his brother George in charge at Rajpootana, travelled north to Lucknow as Chief Commissioner of Oude,

that "garden, granary, and queen province of India" which had then just been annexed as a part of British territory. Oude was a wealthy and populous district, but it had been terribly mismanaged by native rulers. When the king Wajid Ali was dethroned, immense numbers of court attendants and hangers-on found themselves at a loss for a livelihood, and naturally did not settle down into very contented citizens. Coverley Jackson had been disliked, and seems to have lacked judgment. The state of military matters, and the security of our magazine and treasury, were anything but satisfactory to Lawrence, who, soon after his arrival in Lucknow, was appointed Brigadier-General, with command of all the troops in Oude. And it was not long before the defence of the city became a matter of the first importance. Early in the year the first mutterings of the coming storm had been heard; by May the Indian Mutiny had begun.

The "greased cartridge" is commonly supposed to have provoked this terrible outbreak of rebellion and bloodshed, certainly it did much to extend and increase it, if not actually the original cause. The fat of the cow or pig is regarded with the greatest abhorrence alike by Hindu and Mohammedan; to put it to their lips is deemed an act of detestable pollution, worse than death. In order to load the Enfield rifle, a weapon which was now taking the place of the old "Brown Bess," the cartridge, or charge of powder, needed to be greased, and the paper bitten or pinched off. With a lurking suspicion in their minds that the English intended to deprive them of *caste* and convert them to Christianity by force, many of our native soldiers absolutely refused to handle the

cartridge, and disobedience soon fermented into open mutiny. Bungalows were burned, officers murdered, treasuries and magazines plundered, while large bodies of insurgent troops marched from station to station, inciting their countrymen to the same lawless rebellion.

The first serious rising occurred at Meerut, whence the rebels marched unchecked to Delhi, taking possession of that imperial city, and holding it throughout four terrible months of anarchy and confusion. Although Oude was as yet quiet, Henry Lawrence began to organize the defence of Lucknow, which is one of the largest cities in India, early in May. Nana Sahib, a native prince at Bithoor, whose name has come down to us stained with the blackest infamy, was frequently to be seen in the streets. In spite of his smooth-tongued protestations he was suspected by Lawrence, who warned Sir Hugh Wheeler, in command at Cawnpore, to place no faith in his wily promises. Alas! that warning was disregarded, and the vile treachery of that monster of iniquity lured our too trustful countrymen and women to their dreadful doom.

Without betraying any undue signs of alarm that would most certainly have stirred up the smouldering fires of insurrection into a furious blaze, Lawrence laid in stores of grain, fodder, and food, brought the treasure and jewels safely to the Residency, together with guns, mortars, and an ample store of ammunition, provided water-supply, and threw up earthworks. To hold the entire city in the event of a general uprising was clearly impossible with a force of but 700 Europeans and 7,000 natives; but two main positions were at once put in a state of defence—the Residency, a group of buildings including the Commissioner's

official residence; and the Muchee Bawn or Fish Tower, about five miles distant. Though so feeble in health when first summoned from Rajpootana, Lawrence's strength and spirits revived under the excitement and heavy responsibility which now fell to his lot. Bracing himself for the struggle, he summoned all the energies of body and mind to meet the emergency, and in a strength not his own went forth to do his duty—to save his countrymen and to serve his God. Well might the shrewd native Indian remark, "When Sir Henry has looked twice up to heaven and once down to earth, and has stroked his beard, then he knows what to do." There was no indecision, no hesitation; boldly, resolutely, unflinchingly, he went forward, saving others if sacrificing himself. But mark the method: *twice* to heaven goes up the appeal for help, for there was no self-sufficiency; *one* careful survey of earthly things, for there was no neglect of duty; one moment of calm meditation, for there was no fatalism. To pray, to watch, to think, and then to *act*—this was Henry Lawrence's secret of success.

Though preparing for the worst, the Chief Commissioner of Oude earnestly hoped the best. He had little faith, to be sure, in the loyalty of the sepoy, though he believed the Sikhs would stand by us—as indeed they did all through the Mutiny—and he hoped that if Cawnpore could hold out, Lucknow would not be attacked. Writing to Sir Hugh Wheeler, he urges him (little knowing the dire extremities to which the unhappy garrison was driven) to construct intrenchments and maintain hold on the river. He earnestly asks also that a British regiment be sent up from

Allahabad and divided between Cawnpore and Lucknow—a request, alas! impossible to grant.

And as the weeks went by matters grew worse. Delhi held out stubbornly, and native insolence waxed bolder. “When Delhi is taken we are all safe,” wrote Lawrence. But Delhi was *not* taken, and perils multiplied tenfold day by day. On the 30th of May the troops mutinied. The rebel musketry-fire was first heard at nine in the evening. Lawrence mounted instantly, and galloped out four miles to cantonments, taking two guns. “Open with grape,” was his prompt order. The mutinous sepoys fled, and being prevented by a company of the 32nd from joining the disorderly populace within the city, the danger for the moment was averted. The following afternoon the “budmashes” or roughs of Lucknow rose in insurrection; but by that time the hand of lawful authority was at leisure to deal with them, and after a short struggle the green flag of Mohammed was secured and tolerable order restored.

But far worse troubles were at hand. Early in June, mutiny broke out in numbers of other military stations in Oude, and the whole country was up in arms, Europeans flying for their lives, and many being cruelly murdered or perishing from exposure, famine, or fatigue. Those who escaped, however, were generally kindly treated by the native rajahs or the peasantry.

Of course, Sir Henry Lawrence depended largely on native soldiers for the defence of Lucknow; indeed he knew that unless their loyalty could be trusted there was no hope for the city, for it was quite impossible for the small band of British defenders to do all necessary work under the fiery Indian sun.

And he had to hold on his way in spite of much ill-judged advice, retaining the services of the Sikhs and such sepoys as he deemed trustworthy, garrisoning the Muchee Bawn, and connecting the various buildings of the Residency by parapets to render it the more easily defensible. But under all this anxiety and fatigue, and the intense heat of the season, health again gave way, and on the 9th of June, owing to increasing exhaustion, he consented to make over his authority to a Council, recommending two of its members, Major Banks and Colonel Inglis, as Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief respectively, in case of his death.

Naturally this Council did not work harmoniously. One of the members, Martin Gubbins, a man of imperious will and unreasonable ambition for exclusive command, began to take measures of which Sir Henry highly disapproved, under the pretext that the Commissioner's mind was giving way, and that he was unfit to judge wisely in the present extremity. Sir Henry cut the matter short by dissolving the Council and taking up the reins once more himself, to hold them under wise and firm control while life lasted.

The work of barricading, demolishing, loopholing, excavating, and building went forward now with all possible speed. Though succour was anxiously longed for, and indeed the arrival of European troops confidently expected in a few weeks' time, no help, alas! reached Lucknow for more than three months, Havelock's force not entering the Residency till the 25th of September; indeed the final defeat of the rebels and the recapture of the city were not accomplished until March 1858.



Meanwhile Cawnpore was already in sore straits. Martin Gubbins, that "gallant, energetic, clever fellow, sometimes troublesome," thought that the help implored by Sir Hugh Wheeler might be afforded; but the Commissioner, though it wrung his heart to refuse it, knew that no troops could possibly cross the Ganges in safety, and that any such attempt would not only fail in its object, but throw away lives unspeakably precious in such a crisis. When he heard that Wheeler had consented to make terms with Nana Sahib, he knew it was all over with the hapless garrison. His worst fears were soon confirmed, for very shortly after arrived the horrible news of treachery and massacre.

On the 29th of June the gallant defenders of Lucknow suffered a most disastrous reverse, followed by an immediate occupation of the city by the rebels, and the commencement of the worst horrors of the siege. It was thought that by a spirited attack the mutinous troops now approaching the city might be defeated and scattered. Martin Gubbins was always urging "active measures," and possibly Sir Henry Lawrence's judgment was in this case somewhat overruled, though certainly his courage and devotion shone as brilliantly as ever. The battle took place at Chinhut, only six miles from Lucknow, about three hundred Europeans and two hundred and twenty natives being led against the enemy. The position, the generalship, and the discipline of the insurgents were extremely good, while our men were exhausted after a long fast; the heat was intense, and our native drivers deserted to the enemy. Our advance was therefore repulsed with loss; the repulse became a

retreat, the retreat a flight; five of our guns were taken, three officers fell; and the little army, defeated and pursued, hurried back for safety into the city, the rebels closing it in at once on every side. "I look on our position," writes Lawrence the following morning, "as being ten times as bad as yesterday, indeed it is very critical."

In the hour of disastrous retreat, that most trying of all experiences to a brave soldier, Henry Lawrence proved himself a hero. His noble bearing, as he rode to and fro under a deadly fire, cheered his despairing troops to fresh efforts, or probably all would have been massacred; and at the Kokrail Bridge, while occupying a post that placed his own life in the greatest peril, he is said to have wrung his hands in anguish as he witnessed the havoc among his men, exclaiming bitterly, "My God, my God! and I brought them to this!"

Surrounded now in Lucknow by triumphant foes, there was nothing left but to concentrate at one point as a last and almost forlorn hope. The Muchee Bawn, therefore, was abandoned and blown up, its garrison retreating under cover of night to the Residency.

Throughout four long months the terrible siege was kept up; but in that weary time of suffering and suspense Henry Lawrence was to bear no part. His work was over, his fight was finished, his course run. The night closing darkly around his brethren was to him far spent and the day at hand. Scenes of danger and of death were to be exchanged for the crown of life, the warrior's sword for the victor's palm. A few hours after the siege began, and when the perilous march of the garrison from the Muchee Bawn

had just been safely accomplished, came the call to the good and faithful servant, "Come up higher."

On the evening of the 2nd of July, wearied with the day's toil under suffocating heat, Sir Henry Lawrence was resting on his bed, engaged in business with Colonel Wilson; his nephew, George Lawrence, and a coolie being also in the room. The position was a dangerous one, the enemy's fire being directed upon the building with great precision: a shell had burst in that very room the previous day, and Sir Henry had consented to change his quarters in a few hours. But suddenly a second shell struck the house, crashed through the wall with a deafening roar, darkened the room with smoke and dust, and for a moment stunned its inmates.

"Are you hurt, Sir Henry, are you hurt?" cried Colonel Wilson, who had received a slight wound, while George Lawrence scrambled out from a heap of bricks and plaster quite unhurt. There was no reply at first. Then came faintly the words—alas, too true—" *I am killed!* "

As the smoke cleared a terrible sight presented itself. On his bed, now crimson with his life-blood, lay the dying soldier. Sir Henry had received a mortal wound, and though he lived to be removed into Dr. Fayrer's house, where some little shelter from shot and shell was secured, and though tended with the utmost care and skill by three doctors, it was evident from the first that there was no hope of saving his life—the left thigh being fearfully torn and the bone crushed by a piece of shell. His sufferings, mercifully, were not very great, and during the whole of the following day he was perfectly conscious

and able to give final directions to those to whom he must now commit such heavy responsibilities.

Even in those awful hours, with the roar of musketry and heavy guns all around him, and the lives of those standing about his bed every moment in great danger, there was no hurry, no confusion. Death had no terrors for the devoted servant whose life had been given to duty and to God. He had deliberately prepared for the sudden call, and everything was in order to pass at once into the hands of those he had chosen to succeed him. Calmly now he awaited the end, joining thankfully in the communion service in memory of the love of that Lord on whom as a sacrifice for sin all his hope and faith were resting. But on his dying bed, as on the battle-field, his first thought was for others, and very carefully he gave instructions for the defence of the besieged city, taking a tender farewell of his friends, and even remembering his favourite horse, Ludakee. As night fell on the 3rd he became much weaker, and early on the morning of the 4th breathed his last.

A few hours later, hurriedly and with but scant attendance, the simple funeral took place. Four soldiers were summoned to carry forth the remains of their beloved leader. Reverently one of them turned back the covering from the face of the dead and kissed the cold forehead of his master. This was no time for mourning or for lamentation, every hand was needed on the sword; but each rough warrior took the same touching farewell of his chief, then all lifted the "charpoy" and silently bore the dead hero away to his lowly grave.

So passed away, at a most critical stage of the

Indian Mutiny, the very man who, it was said at the time, could least be spared, either from beleaguered city or council-chamber—the man, indeed, on whom the fate of Lucknow seemed largely to depend. But Henry Lawrence had done his work; he had already wrought out his share in the salvation of the city. Brave hearts and wise heads and ready hands would do the rest. The struggle was sharp and stern and cruel; but no second Cawnpore tragedy was to stain the banks of the Goomtee. Outram would grasp the hand of Havelock, Havelock that of Inglis, and the stirring notes of “The Campbells are coming” ring out their promise of deliverance; while in the not far-distant future, a great painter would choose as a fitting subject for his best efforts that famous scene of the joyous meeting between Havelock, Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell.

Meanwhile our hero sleeps in peace. For him earthly warfare and earthly triumphs are alike over for ever; the reward of faithful service has been given from the Master’s hand, and he has entered into the joy of his Lord.

On a monument raised in Lucknow to the memory of those who fell in the siege Lawrence’s name appears. Among heroes of Indian history in St. Paul’s his statue stands; but the most fitting inscription to his honour is that furnished by the simple, modest words chosen by himself as an epitaph, which each one of us will do well to deserve as our own—“Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.”

